

FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1898.

No. 14

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF ALASKA.

FOLLOWING IS THE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY FOR THE DISTRICT OF ALASKA.

Governor—John G. Brady; private secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Knapp. U. S. Judge—C. S. Johnson. U. S. Attorney—Burton E. Bennett. Assistant District Attorney—Alfred J. Daly. District Clerk—Albert D. Elliott. Deputy Clerk—Walter D. McNair. U. S. Marshal—J. M. Shoup. Surveyor General—W. L. Distin. Register—John W. Dudley. Receiver—Roswell Shelly. Court Interpreter—George Kostrometoff.

Commissioners—C. W. Tuttle, Sitka; John Y. Ostrander, Juneau; K. M. Jackson, Fort Wrangel; L. R. Woodward, Unalaska; Phillip Gallagher, Kodiak; John U. Smith, Dyea; W. J. Jones, Circle City; Chas. H. Isham, Unga.

Deputy Marshals—W. A. McNair, Sitka; Edward S. Staley, Juneau; W. D. Grant, Fort Wrangel; J. McDonald, Douglas; Edward C. Hasey, Kodiak; Lewis L. Bowers, Unga; J. C. Blaine, Unalaska; H. J. McInnis, Skagway; John Cudihoe, Circle City; —, Snook, Dyea.

Deputy Internal Revenue Collector—W. C. Pedlar. Educational Agent—Sheldon Jackson. Assistant Agent—William Hamilton. Supt. of Schools—W. A. Kelly.

CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

Collector—J. W. Key. Special Deputy—W. P. McBride. Deputy and Inspector—Wm. Millmore and C. L. Andrews.

Deputy Collectors—Joseph Arment, Fort Wrangel; E. M. VanSlyck, Mary Island; W. G. Thomas, Kodiak; G. W. Caton, Cook's Inlet; T. E. Holmes, Kariak; J. F. Sinnott, Unga; J. P. Word, Unalaska; E. T. Hatch, St. Michaels; Chas. Smith, Circle City; John C. Tenney, Juneau.

Inspectors at Juneau—Loring K. Adams, Harry Minto and John R. Audin. Inspectors at Fort Wrangel, Edward Hofstedt, S. L. Adams, Geo. J. Smith, E. L. Hunter, Wm. Denny.

Inspectors Afloat—J. S. Slater, S. F. Hodges, L. H. Lovejoy, Edgar Grim.

M. J. Cochran,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

JACKSON BLOCK.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.
Will practice in all the courts of the state.

DR. V. McALPIN DENTIST.

(30 years experience.)

Seward Building, rear of Wakefield & Young
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.
ON HAND DAY AND NIGHT.

A. G. McBride,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

Office with U. S. Deputy Marshal,
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

WEBSTER BROWN

CIVIL & MINING ENGINEER

U. S. Deputy and U. S. Deputy Mineral

SURVEYORS

OFFICE:
Op. Stikeen Hotel Fort Wrangel.

WRANGEL ICE CO.

DEALERS IN

ICE

649 FRONT ST.

FORT WRANGEL, - - - ALASKA

NOTICE.

Citizens can have best barber work done at Barber Shop near Postoffice in Court House lot.

Read the News.

THE BACHELOR'S CLUB.

Last Thursday night's Meeting.
Held at Col. Crittenden's.

PETITION RAISED CAIN

The Bachelor's Club held another meeting last Thursday night. Changing the meeting place to the Opera House for the purpose of preventing the News man from getting a report of the proceedings did not result satisfactorily, in fact the News last week contained a correct report of nearly everything that occurred and the members are trying to find out where we got the proceedings from. The last meeting was again held at Col. Crittenden's, but the pass word was changed and every member had to take an obligation that he would not divulge any part of the evening's proceedings, before he could gain admission. In this manner the members tried to "do us up," but the club is again doomed to failure, and for the benefit of those who are trying to stand in our way and prevent us from giving the readers of this paper all that is going on in Fort Wrangel we will say that they are doomed to disappointment.

After the president, Dr. Davy, had rapped for order, the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The secretary was asked if there were any petitions or communications to come before the club. He replied that there was a petition, and read the following:

Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

August 24th, 1898.

To the officers and members of the Bachelor's Club, Fort Wrangel Alaska:

We the undersigned grass widows, genuine widows and maids most respectfully petition you to permit us to organize an auxiliary to your club and we faithfully promise to aid in every manner possible, if this request is granted, and for this we will ever pray.

The secretary was about to read the names, of which there were seventeen, when Col. Crittenden jumped up and said, for himself he had heard enough of that. He objected to the whole scheme in language that was both elegant and forcible. He didn't abuse the women, but he didn't want them in the club, and for the purpose of bringing the matter squarely before the members, he moved that the petition be laid on the table. Walton seconded the motion. George Clark moved to amend that the petition be laid on a red hot stove and Mr. Healy seconded the amendment.

The motion to amend the motion was first taken up, but the speeches attacked the whole scheme. Collins started the debate with a ten minute speech. In substance, he said he had no use for women anyhow, and at that remark everybody commenced to snicker. Mr. Healy nearly burst his sides with laughter. Rosenblum covered his face with a red handkerchief and Col. Crittenden crammed a rag into his mouth to suppress his mirth. Haw went up and whispered something in Jack's ear and President Davy rapped for order. Jack went on with his speech, but the "horse laugh" they gave him took the wind out of his sails and he sat down amid profound silence. Marshal Grant then took the floor. He waived his right hand to secure attention. Judge Jackson arose to a point of order and stated that he understood that Grant's family was soon to arrive in Fort Wrangel and until he furnished proof that such was not the case, he had better shut up when it came to discussing women. Marshal Grant immediately sat down. Capt. Gray, of the Casca, tried to make a speech in favor of the motion but he had the same luck that Collins had, and the club gave him the biggest kind of a "horse laugh." Wm. Bullock and several others expressed their opinions on the question and everybody was against the admission of women. Donald Sinclair had the worst luck of anybody. He tried to make a speech. His mind commenced to wander and part of the time he talked about potatoes and black eyed women. He spoke but a few minutes when Mr. Strouse arose to a question of privilege and asked Sinclair if it was true that his family had arrived in Fort Wrangel. Sinclair turned red, blue and green and refused to answer the question and Diehl moved that he

be expelled from the club which was unanimously carried and he was led to the door through which he made a speedy exit. The petition of the women was rejected, but the whole evening had been taken up with the matter and everybody was hot.

Mr. Strouse, the chairman of the committee on application for membership, reported in favor of the admission of Roy Cole. In his report he said that Roy did not sleep in a night dress or shirt. That he was not only not guilty, but that he went to the opposite extreme. That he slept in a sleeping bag, back of the store, without having any clothes on at all, and that in recommending his admission, he also was in favor of the club extending an apology to him for investigating the vile slanders against him. This report was adopted and Roy, bashful and blushing, was led into the room, where he took the usual obligation.

The literary part of the program, was omitted, owing to the lateness of the hour. There are some applications for membership in the hands of Mr. Strouse but they were not presented.

The club then adjourned for one week.

The Girl Who Kissed Hobson.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes as follows of the St. Louis girl who kissed Hobson the other day:

"The young woman who kissed Mr. Hobson saluted heroism. She would have done the same had the hero been a heroine. She forgot sex in sentiment. It is doubtful if Mr. Hobson was equally forgetful. He, no doubt, forgot that he was a hero, and remembered that he was a man. At that moment it is to be questioned if he remembered the Maine. He will assuredly remember the girl.

"To some women a kiss is the highest expression of regard. It is the royal seal of Queen Woman's approval, whether it falls on a kitten or a conqueror.

While the woman who asked the privilege of kissing Mr. Hobson is to be congratulated for her achievement, the woman whom Mr. Hobson will ask the privilege of kissing will be an object of greater interest. That will be quite another story and quite another kiss."

Wonderful Record of 114 Days.

Events have moved rapidly during the past few months, more rapidly than at any time in American history. Victory has followed victory so rapidly that it is necessary to recall the leading occurrences to realize fully what has been done. Here is a brief capitulation:

April 22—War was begun by a blockade of the ports of Cuba.

May 1—Commodore Dewey attacked and sunk the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Manila.

May 24—Commodore Schley's squadron blocked Admiral Cervera's fleet in Santiago harbor.

June 20—General Shafter's army arrived off Santiago.

July 1 and 2—The American troops attacked the Spanish, drove them into Santiago, and captured El Caney and San Juan.

July 2—Admiral Cervera made a dash out of Santiago harbor and every one of his ships was sunk.

July 14—General Toral surrendered Santiago, the eastern end of the island of Cuba, and 22,000 Spanish prisoners.

July 26—First landing of United States troops made in Porto Rico at Guanica.

August 12—Spain accepted terms of peace and the war came to an end.

August 13—Admiral Dewey and General Merritt take Manila and capture 7,000 prisoners.

This is a wonderful record to make in 114 days. Considered in connection with the unpreparedness of the country for war it is a record no intelligent man could have anticipated. With the lessons learned in this war as to the need of keeping a larger and better equipped army and a navy adequate to the needs of the country, and the demonstration given of the warlike spirit of the nation, there is little probability that any foreign power will have the temerity to attack us. So much for making the war short, sharp and decisive.

There is more cutting of railroad rates. They are now slashing freight charges. Following the lead of the Great Northern the great transcontinental lines have fixed a rate of 55 cents a hundred to New York on salmon.—Skagit County (Wash) Times.

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS.

A Woman.—A Goat.—An Episode.

IN THREE PARAGRAPHS.

Fort Wrangel has a great many charming women, some of whom are married and others are not. The one we are writing about is handsome, bright and vivacious, and a great favorite in the society of the town. She likes music, dancing and in fact anything that makes life pleasant and worth living. Of course she don't like everything. Who does? The subject of this sketch devotes some of her leisure time sewing and is an expert seamstress either by hand or on a machine.

Fort Wrangel has a goat and his name is Sir William. He is large, black colored and of sufficient age to give him the real genuine flavor. It is the general opinion in this city that Sir William is the most fragrant goat on earth. He roams whithersoever he will and people give him much more room than he needs on the sidewalks or streets as he passes fragrantly and silently by. No one disputes his right to go where he pleases and Sir William is liable to show up at unexpected places at any and all times.

Last week the woman, who is the heroine of this episode, was sitting in front of a sewing machine in a certain residence in this city. The machine was running at full speed. She had her back turned towards the door and the cook stove was also behind her. She was deep in thought. Occasionally she would sing a few lines of "The Song of the Shirt." Suddenly she heard a step on the floor. She turned toward the door and behold there was Sir William. As she raised from her chair and leaped onto the table close by, Sir William bounded onto the stove. The heroine looked at Sir William and probably unintentionally winked at him, for Sir William gesticulated and made sundry and divers flirtations with his head. The lady yelled at the top of her voice, but Sir William was calm, and retained his flavor with firmness. The cries of the heroine soon brought a neighbor woman to the door. The woman and the goat had not changed positions. A force of men were soon on the scene and Sir William was walked out of the room, into the open air, but the sewing machine had a rest the balance of the day.

Spain's Loss.

How much did Spain lose during the war with the United States?

How does the account stand since the destruction of the battleship Maine?

Here is a fair approximation of Spain's losses:

	Cr.
May 1, Reina Christina	\$ 1,000,000
May 1, Castilla	800,000
May 1, Velasco	500,000
May 1, Don Juan de Ulloa	500,000
May 1, Don Juan de Austria	500,000
May 1, Isle de Cuba	450,000
May 1, Isle de Luzon	450,000
May 1, Quiros	100,000
May 1, Villalobos	100,000
May 1, ten gunboats (?) first class	800,000
May 1, ten gunboats second class	500,000
Prizes taken near Cuba	4,000,000
July 3, Infanta Maria Theresa	3,000,000
July 3, Vizcaya	3,750,000
July 3, Almirante Oquendo	3,750,000
July 3, Cristobal Colon	3,500,000
July 3, Reina Christina	3,000,000
July 3, Torpedo boat Furoa	200,000
July 3, Torpedo boat Pluton	200,000
July 3, Gun boat San Juan	100,000

Total

The Maine was valued at \$4,680,000, but it was the loss of the 266 brave men which stirred the anger of the American people.

Congressman James H. Lewis, when congress adjourned, gave his service to his country and asked to be assigned to a position at the front. While he denied the privilege of fighting he was appointed to a position of importance with plenty of hard work attached to it. He has done his duty without other compensation. We now ask our republican friends to name one of their congressmen who has acted likewise.—Tacoma Sun.

Col. Astor's Button.

The train was crowded, says the Chicago Journal, and the usual signs which decorate southern railway carriages and separate the black passengers from the white had been discarded.

Colonel John Jacob Astor and another officer had beguiled the time pleasantly enough, but as they neared Chattanooga, the multimillionaire soldier was left alone. The day was warm and he nodded a little, but he straightened quickly at a feminine voice saying quite close to his ear:

"Moanin', sah. I hopes I sees yo' puty totable?" And a little black woman calmly took the vacant place. He acknowledged the greeting courteously, and she smiled in cheerful friendliness.

"Yose fur de No'th, I reckon. Oh, I knowed dat! Yo' all's so! Jus' gwine ter Cuba! Lan', lan', how dem buttons does shine! I allus wanted one ob dem buttons. Dat I did! Ef yo' all 'ud gib me one I—I'd war hit foh a hat pin to 'membah yo' by."

Colonel Astor bowed with grave politeness, and the eyes of the negro country girl shone as he detached a button from his blouse and handed it to her.

"Thank yo, Sah!" she said. "I'm monstrous glad foh ter git dis. I see gwine ter go now. I libes yere at dis city. But I see gwine ter pray foh yo'. I dunno yo' name. But de Lord, I 'spect, he's a keepin' track o' yo'. I'll jes' say de sojer w'at gib me de brass button, an' he'll know. Good-bye! 'Membeh, I see gwine ter pray!" She waved him a farewell, and he raised his hat in acknowledgement. Some of the officers smiled, but there was no smile on his face as he turned away.

About Porto Rico.

The island of Porto Rico, lying south east of Cuba, with San Domingo intervening, is only about one hundred miles long (east and west) and forty broad. But it is so packed full of riches that a population of 800,000, generally lazy, illiterate and unskilled, are able to pay \$3,000,000 tribute to Spain each year, support a Spanish army and a horde of Spanish office holders, and live very comfortably themselves. Porto Rico has had a stormy history since Columbus discovered it, in 1493, or more accurately, since Ponce de Leon founded its present capital, San Juan, in 1510. He began with a terrible slaughter of natives, and Spain or her enemies have kept war and cruel oppression a chronic condition there ever since. Its population according to the census of 1887, the latest, was 806,703, of whom about 450,000 are white, 140,000 mulattoes and 75,000 negroes. Only one in eight are classed as "literate," but a majority of those can only read. The climate of Porto Rico is much superior to that of Cuba. Indeed it is, at its worst, very similar to that of New York in July, seldom exceeding 97 degrees, and sinking to 68 at night. But even at the hottest it is not vexed with much humidity, the air being kept generally free of moisture by the prevailing north-east wind. But Porto Ricans are more sensible about accepting weather conditions than we are in our hot days. They act on the belief that they will do more work in the course of the year if they do none at all when the sun is fiercest, so for three hours in the middle of the days when the thermometer is highest they cease all work. Even at other hours, those most favorable for labor, they go about the struggle for life in a leisurely manner. As little energy as the Cubans have by our standards, the Porto Ricans have less. This is shown in the lack of energy they display in their periodic attempts to free themselves from Spanish rule. They have attempted this often, but always have given up after a struggle which would only have encouraged the Cubans. Among the white natives there is the large number of 25,000 who are not of Spanish descent and among these it is interesting to note that the rebellious feelings against Spain are aroused more by social than political wrongs. San Juan, the capital, has already been bombarded by Sampson, as it has been in the past by Drake in 1595, by the duke of Cumberland 1598, by Baldwin Heindrich—who failed in his attempt and lost his life—in 1615, by the English in 1678, and by the English again in the middle of the last century, when George Washington was anxious to join the expedition.—Ex.

Get your Saws Filed opposite the Cottage Bakery, by W. J. Sully.



“WHEN Joe Peterman and Polly May got married,” was a standing jest in Pineville.

Joe and Polly lived on adjoining five-acre lots, with only a fence between them. It was not a very high fence nor a strong one either, for it was almost rotted down in many places.

It was said that years ago Joe and Polly had been sweethearts, but that they had quarreled about some trifling matter, and that they had not spoken to each other since that day.

Jonesy had just been elected Justice of Pineville, and was looking around to see where the fees of the office were to come from.

As there was nothing for him to do in the office, he thought that it was his duty to go outside of it and hunt up something. In debating the question with himself as to what would be most likely to bring him in a fee, his mind, of course, turned to marriages.

“When Joe Peterman and Polly May got married,” he repeated to himself, smiling. “Well, it is a duty I owe to this community to end that quarrel of theirs the first thing, and it is a duty I owe to myself to see that they get married as soon afterward as possible.”

So Jonesy took a walk out to Joe Peterman’s place, and found the latter at home.

“Joe,” he said, after some talk on subjects in general. “Joe, I came out to see you on official business.”

Joe’s eyes flew wide open. “I haven’t been doing anything wrong, have I?” he asked, with trembling voice.

The truth was that Joe had thrown a brickbat at Polly’s cat the night before, and without really intending to do so, had hit her and knocked her out of his favorite peach tree, and had felt rather mean about it ever since.

“Well, I don’t know,” Jonesy replied, cautiously, for he could see that Joe had something on his mind, and thought to draw him out. “You see, Joe, the right and the wrong generally depends on the circumstances attending the case.”

“That’s what I reckoned,” said Joe. “You see I saw her coming through the fence, and tried to make her go back.”

“And she wouldn’t go?”

“No.”

“What did you do next?”

“Soon as I spoke she ran up that peach tree, and went to clawing and scratching the bark.”

“She did, eh?”

“She did. Then I got mad, like a fool,” said Joe, hanging his head. “I picked up a brickbat and threw it at her, and down she came, kicking her legs like drumsticks.”

“Didn’t she say anything?” asked Jonesy.

“Who?”

“Why, Polly May, of course.”

“You didn’t think that it was Polly I treated that way, did you?” asked Joe.

“No, hardly. But who was it?”

“It was Polly’s cat, Jonesy. I thought that perhaps Polly had seen it, and gone to you and entered a complaint against me.”

“No, she hasn’t done it yet, Joe, but there is no telling how soon she may do so,” said Jonesy. Then he added, confidentially, “If I were you I’d go over and see her and settle the whole thing out of court.”

After Jonesy left him Joe stood and scratched his head for some time. The whole thing was a puzzle to him. Had Jonesy known more than he pretended? If so, had Polly told him? And if Polly had, was it at her suggestion that Jonesy had come and told him to go and see her?

“It is ten years since we spoke,” he mused, with a sad smile, while a mocking bird was singing blithely in a tree close by.

Then suddenly he burst out laughing. “The idea of Polly climbing a tree,” he cried. “And me throwing brickbats at her, and she falling—ha-ha-ha!”

But Jonesy walked homeward in quite a different mood. Somehow he felt that his mission had been rather a failure. Still, every once in awhile, a gleam of hope darted upward and he thought that he could see a fee of office afar off.

As he walked along, musing and

dreaming he found himself suddenly face to face with a woman carrying a huge basket on her arm.

“How do you do, Judge?” she cried, cheerily, letting her basket down to the ground. “I was real glad to hear that you was elected.”

“Thank you, Polly. I was just thinking about you when you bobbed up,” said Jonesy. “Have just been over to see your neighbor, Joe Peterman, and was on my way home with my thoughts full of both of you.”

Polly frowned.

“Joe isn’t going to have me to court, is he?” she asked.

“Can’t say, Polly. I reckon that depends as much on you as on him.”

“Well, he had no business coming in through the window like he did,” Polly cried. “It served him only right that the window fell down on him like it did and caught him by the leg. Of course, when I grabbed him by the throat to keep him from squalling, and he cut me on the wrist, I was mad enough to kill him. But I kept my temper, and I didn’t hurt him any more than I could help,” she protested.

“But Joe didn’t—” Jonesy began.

“Of course Joe didn’t. Joe never would listen to reason,” cried Polly.

“But, Polly, Joe—” Jonesy began again.

“That’s all right, Jim Jonesy; you have Joe’s side of the story, and I am

going to tell mine,” cried Polly. “After I got him loose I bothered with him all day, and doctored him, and that night, after dark, I carried him in my arms to the fence and set him down on the other side.”

“Goodness, Polly, you don’t mean to tell me that you carried him in your arms?” Jonesy exclaimed.

“Well, I just did, and I’ll swear to it before Joe or anybody.”

“I wouldn’t do it if I was you,” said Jonesy, earnestly. “Why, there isn’t a soul in Pineville would believe you could do it.”

“Could do what?”

“Why, carry Joe Peterman in your arms, of course.”

“Jim Jonesy, you are a fool!” she cried, very red in the face. “It is Joe’s old Dominick rooster I have been talking about.”

“Why, yes, of course,” stammered Jonesy, in confusion, trying to smile.

“I was just teasing you, Polly, knowing that you and Joe were such old friends.”

“But did Joe say he was going to take me to court?” she asked.

“Not exactly, but I advised him to go and talk the matter over with you. Say, Polly, you two ought to make up. You take my advice,” said Jonesy.

Then Jonesy went one way and Polly went the other, each one busy with many thoughts.

That evening Mrs. Jonesy asked her husband how many fees the new office had brought him.

“This is the first day, you know,” he smiled faintly. “I have just been setting the wheels in motion to-day, and the fees will come in after awhile.”

“Yes; when Joe Peterman and Polly May got married,” she said, laughing.

Jonesy had accomplished something that day. He had set Joe and Polly thinking about each other. Joe’s long, lantern-jawed face, usually sober and solemn, had relaxed into smiles several times, and once he had actually caught himself humming an old song that had lain forgotten for years within him. On the other hand, Polly’s round and rosy face, that was supposed to wear a smile even in sleep, was very thoughtful and sad. And while bending above the steam from the fragrant teapot, at the supper table, her eyes seemed filled with unshed tears.

“Poor Joe,” she sighed, as she sat down to her lonely meal. “I thought sure that he would get over it and marry some one else, but it seems that he doesn’t care any more than I do for anybody, and both of us just persist in being wrong, when only a word from either of us would make things so different.”

Just then a cat came in at the open door, and when Polly saw that it limped slightly on one leg she sprang up from the table and caught it in her arms.

“Poor Kitty,” she murmured. “I wonder who hurt you? You can’t tell, can you?”

“I can,” said a manly voice in the doorway, and a moment later Joe entered the room. “Jonesy told me to-day that you intended to sue me for throwing a brickbat at your cat,” he said.

Polly eyed her visitor closely for a moment, and seeing that his eyes were upon her supper table instead of upon herself, the hard lines that had come around her lips relaxed into a smile.

“Come in, Joe,” she said, gently. “Will you take a cup of tea with me?”

“Then you ain’t mad because I crippled your cat?”

“Joe,” she cried, trying to look as



“I CAN,” SAID A MANLY VOICE IN THE DOORWAY.

going to tell mine,” cried Polly. “After I got him loose I bothered with him all day, and doctored him, and that night, after dark, I carried him in my arms to the fence and set him down on the other side.”

“Goodness, Polly, you don’t mean to tell me that you carried him in your arms?” Jonesy exclaimed.

“Well, I just did, and I’ll swear to it before Joe or anybody.”

“I wouldn’t do it if I was you,” said Jonesy, earnestly. “Why, there isn’t a soul in Pineville would believe you could do it.”

“Could do what?”

“Why, carry Joe Peterman in your arms, of course.”

“Jim Jonesy, you are a fool!” she cried, very red in the face. “It is Joe’s old Dominick rooster I have been talking about.”

“Why, yes, of course,” stammered Jonesy, in confusion, trying to smile.

“I was just teasing you, Polly, knowing that you and Joe were such old friends.”

“But did Joe say he was going to take me to court?” she asked.

“Yes, You ain’t mad, Polly?”

Polly did not reply, but busied herself refilling the teapot, and making room for him at the table.

When Joe was seated at the table Polly sat down opposite to him and watched him in silence for several minutes.

“So Jim Jonesy has been telling you that I was about to take you to court for crippling my cat, has he?” she said at last. “I met him when he came from your house, and he hinted that you might have me prosecuted because your old Dominick rooster came over here and got himself crippled the other day.”

“I never said no such thing, Polly,” cried Joe.

“Nor did I,” said Polly.

“I never mentioned rooster to him.”

“And I never said cat.”

“I wonder how he found out?” cried Joe.

“I guess our consciences gave it away. When I think of it now, he never said rooster to me until I had

told him all about it myself,” said Polly, smiling.

“I remember now, that it was the same with me and the cat,” said Joe. “I know I wanted to tell you how sorry I was, and it was all I could think of when Jonesy came to see me.”

“I am sorry, too, Joe,” said Polly, “and I hope you won’t think that I done it on purpose.”

Somehow the summer dusk gathered around them, and neither seemed to notice it, as they talked on and on across the table between them. After awhile, however, Polly rose and went to the open door, where Joe followed her.

“Say, Polly,” he said, taking her unresisting hand, “I have been sorry for everything all these years; won’t you say that you forgive me?”

Polly looked up into his face.

“I have been sorry, too, Joe. Oh! so sorry.”

Just then Polly’s cat, purring softly, rubbed herself against Joe’s leg, and at the same moment old Dominick crowed lustily on his own side of the fence.

Now, in Pineville, a good many things are dated from the time “when Joe Peterman and Polly May got married.” —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A THRIFTY INDIAN GIRL.

Marrying Her Was a Most Excellent Investment.

In 1802 the “Seger” school was built in Oklahoma Territory, among a colony of Cheyennes and Arapahoes, considered among the wildest, most backward and nonprogressive of all Indians, says the Omaha Bee. Fortunately the superintendent of the new school, Mrs. John Seger, had already gained their confidence in another capacity, so that when they were asked to put their children in school they said that they would, as soon as they were weaned. And they carried this out literally.

One of the girl pupils, who entered the school when it was opened, has had quite a remarkable record. Having no previous education and leaving her really savage home for the first time, she has demonstrated what education is doing and will do for the red man. There is a system in nearly all the government Indian schools by which those pupils who are both industrious and frugal may earn money in the sewing room, on the farm or in some one of the school’s other industrial departments. Of course, this must be outside of their regular work. This young girl, after taking a regular course as a scholar, was judged capable of filling a salaried position. In the course of a short time she filled not one but several, and worked in the sewing-room besides. Out of her savings she bought a wagon, harness, team, organ, bedroom set and a sewing machine, all in view of her prospective marriage to a young Indian to whom she was engaged, and when they were married she took enough savings with her to build a neat home. All this was accomplished in three years’ time.

Bear that Saves Life.

Residents of Apalachin, N. Y., had a bad scare recently, when the 4-year-old child of Henry Rathburn started out alone to look for trailing arbutus. It was half an hour before she was missed, relates the New York Press, and then all trace of the little one was lost. Her distracted father and his neighbors joined in the search.

While passing through a ravine they were startled to see an uncouth object shambling toward them some distance up the road, carrying a bundle in its mouth. Closer inspection proved to the terrified searchers that the object was a bear and the bundle a child. It is many years since a bear was seen in this section, but the men, though unarmed, prepared to give battle, one of their number going back for help. But the bear trotted toward them as though totally unconcerned, and when a few yards away carefully laid down the child it was carrying by its dress.

When the men approached and took up the little one the bear did not show fight, and a closer investigation proved he had a ring in his nose. Later it was found the bear belonged to an Italian who was camping in a nearby barn, making a tour of the country. He had purchased the animal when a cub and reared him in a New York tenement, where he was allowed to play with the children, and it was there he had learned the trick of carrying the little ones.

Composing Music.

Sir Arthur Sullivan discourses interestingly to an interviewer about his methods of work. It appears that there is a vast deal of drudgery and manual labor in the work of musical composition which cannot be avoided or delegated to another—much more than in the case of literary composition. But the two are alike in this, says Sir Arthur, that it is as vain in the one as in the other to “wait for an inspiration.” This seems to him very like “a miner seated on the top of a shaft and waiting for the coal to come bubbling up.”—New York Evening Post.

Between the farmer and Uncle Sam, any man who doesn’t get a job at marching or following a farm horse in a field, should be married off to some New Woman who will support him.

FILTHY SAN JUAN.

Porto Rico’s Walled City Looks About as It Did 250 Years Ago.

San Juan is a perfect specimen of a walled town, with portenilla, moat, gates and battlements. Built over 250 years ago, it is still in good condition and repair. The walls are picturesque and represent a stupendous work and cost in themselves. Inside the walls the city is laid out in regular squares, six parallel streets running in the direction of the length of the island and seven at right angles. The houses are closely and compactly built of brick, usually of two stories, stuccoed on the outside and painted in a variety of colors. The upper floors are occupied by the most respectable people, while the ground floors, almost without exception, are given up to negroes and the poorer classes, who crowd one upon another in the most appalling manner. In one small room with a flimsy partition a whole family will reside.

The ground floors of the whole town reek with filth, and conditions are most unsanitary. There is no running water



STREET SCENE IN SAN JUAN.

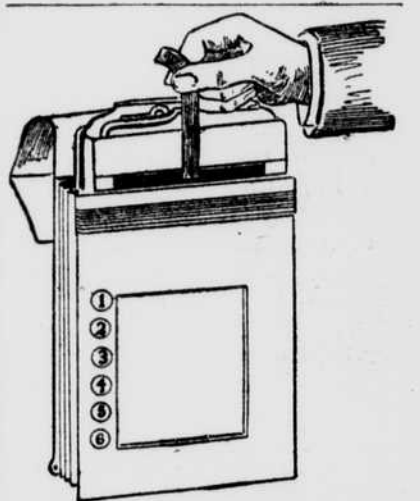
in the town. The entire population depends on rain water caught on the flat roofs of the buildings and conducted to the cistern, which occupies the greater part of the courtyard that is an essential part of Spanish houses the world over, but that in San Juan, on account of the crowded conditions, is small. There is no sewerage, except for surface water and sinks, and the risk of contaminating the water is great, and in dry seasons the supply is entirely exhausted. Epidemics are frequent, and the town is alive with vermin, mosquitoes, and dogs.

The streets are wider than in the older part of Havana and will admit two carriages abreast. The sidewalks are narrow, and in places will accommodate only one person. The pavements are of a composition manufactured in England from slag, easily broken and unfit for heavy traffic. The streets are swept once a day by hand, and are kept very clean. From its topographical situation the town should be healthy, but it is not. The soil under the city is clay mixed with lime, so hard as to be almost like rock. It is consequently impervious to water and furnishes a good natural drainage. The trade wind blows strong and fresh, and through the harbor runs a stream of sea water at a speed not less than three miles an hour. With these conditions no contagious diseases, if properly taken care of, could exist; without them the place would be a veritable plague spot.

FOR THE AMATEUR.

Very Convenient Triple Photographic Plate Holder.

Here is a triple slide holder, which consists of a water-proof case for holding three double dark slides, with an extra space at the back for prints, memorandum book or small focusing



CONVENIENT PLATE HOLDER.

cloth. In the front is a white matte surface washable tablet, on which may be recorded particulars of the exposure, and in each partition is a tape which enables the slide to be easily pulled out. A pencil and pencil holder are included, and altogether this makes an excellent protection for dark slides, either in the camera case or in the holder alone.

Diamonds in Babylon.

Over 400 diamonds are known to have been recovered from the ruins of Babylon. Many are uncut, but most are polished on one or two sides.

Keeping the Dye.

A little cream rubbed into black kid gloves will prevent the dye from coming off. It also gives them a nice gloss.

The average man is moved to swear on moving day.

DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, 4841 Hubbard Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
N. P. N. U. No. 28, '98.
WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

FORT WRANGEL NEWS

A. G. McBRIDE, CHAS. A. HOPP
Editors and Publishers.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

Entered at the Postoffice at Fort Wrangel, Alaska, as second-class mail matter.

TERMS: In Advance.

One Year \$3.00
Six Months 1.50
Three Months .75
Single Copies .10
Foreign Postage must be Prepaid.

WEDNESDAY, September 7, 1908.

THEY ALL LIKE IT.

The Cottage City made our town a visit last Monday afternoon. She remained a few hours and then pulled out for the north. She had a number of tourists on board. The Cottage City is a beautiful boat and is becoming quite popular. Every time she steams out of the bay she salutes the town with three short whistles, which mean "good bye." We are all susceptible to flattery, and this little recognition on the part of the officers of the boat is very kindly remembered by the people of this city.

HAVE FOUND IT.

J. R. Wilson, Wm. Bullock, R. C. Dehl and Ned Simpson left town the first part of the week. They knew just where they were going, for they had been there before. They will be gone about ten days, and when they come back they will have some gold. Where they are going we don't know, but it is not very far from Fort Wrangel. A News man talked with some of the above named gentlemen, and this much we can say, they have made a good strike and no doubt it will make them all rich.

PRAISE FOR THE NEWS.

A friend of the News, who resides in this city, paid a year's subscription and ordered it sent to a relative in the east, received a letter from him last week in which the appearance of this paper was spoken of in a very complimentary manner. The question was also asked, "How we could publish such a good paper in Fort Wrangel." Well, the business men in this city are showing their appreciation of the News by giving it all the patronage they can afford to, and the News is not going back on them, even if there is no remuneration for our work, but Fort Wrangel will commence booming one of these days, and then we will be "in it." Fort Wrangel is a good town and is entitled to one good paper, and we are going to give it to them.

THE GOLD FIELDS.

From the many reports that have reached us concerning the recent discovery of gold on the Hootalinqua river, we are convinced that the precious metal has been found in abundance, and a rush to the new Eldorado will certainly be made. There have also been some discoveries made up the Stikkeen river, on the American side, and men are working for good wages there now. Reports reach us from every direction concerning placer and quartz propositions, and with the amount of prospecting that is being done, we look for a good, healthy mining boom for Fort Wrangel and the surrounding country in the near future. The country around Dawson was prospected for years before the rich discoveries were made. The gold is in the hills and streams, and will be discovered. It is only a question of time.

WHAT WE THINK OF HIM.

We notice by the Seattle papers that Edward Cudihee will probably be a candidate for sheriff of that county. We have known Ed. in an official capacity for four years, during which time we worked together in the unpleasant task of running down criminals and convicting them, and we believe we are competent to judge of his merits as a man and officer, and if he should be nominated the people ought to elect him regardless of what his politics may be. A better and more faithful officer never held a place of trust, and as a man and citizen, there is no better. The fact is that Ed. always does what is right. He never stretches the truth, as many detectives do, to convict a man he has taken into custody, and during his long service on the police force of Seattle he has continuously maintained a reputation for honesty and fairness. From all we can learn Mr. Moyer has been a good officer, and we are not intending to say anything against him, but if Ed. Cudihee receives the nomination, we hope he will be elected, and if honesty, faithfulness and competency counts with the voters of King county, he will be.

FROM DAWSON CITY.

The Rosalie Brings Down a Number of Passengers From the Interior.

The Rosalie, O'Brien, captain, came in from the north this afternoon. She had a large passenger list, a large part of which was composed of returning Klondikers. Of course a News man was at the dock when the boat tied up, and we picked out a nice looking fellow and commenced pumping him for the latest Dawson news. He proved to be Mr. J. A. Gobel of Chehalis, Wash., and Mr. A. S. Moss was with him. They are a part of a party of eleven that went to Dawson last year, and they have all done well. When asked about the trip out, Mr. Gobel said:

"We came up the river to White Horse rapids on the Columbian, the boat that used to be here. She is a good boat and that was her trial trip up. She was on the bars two days on account of the pilot not being acquainted with the river, but she got off all right and had no other mishap. The fare up on her was \$120.00."

"How long were you coming out?" was asked.

"We left Dawson two weeks ago last Sunday, and had a very nice trip."

Concerning the supply of provisions he said:

"A great many boats have come up the river and all were loaded with provisions and there is enough to last a year and at reasonable prices. Yes the Canadian government collects a percentage from the miners and it is not beat out of any of it in my opinion. The officers keep a close lookout and miners don't run any risks of getting into trouble by trying to evade its collection."

"How many passengers came up on the Columbian?"

"There were eighty that came out. I could not estimate the amount they took out with them."

Mr. Gobel and Mr. Moss are both going back in the spring. They own a number of claims and from what we could learn are well fixed.

Thirteen Sugar Bowls.

Our friend Ames, the Front street merchant, recently had a stock of sugar bowls on hand, but he was out afterwards for some time. He sold all of them to one person too. Just what one family wants with thirteen sugar bowls was a mystery to us and we investigated the matter. The purchaser of the sugar bowls was an Indian, a native we generally call them, and a woman too, who in Alaska is generally called a klutchman, or klutch for short. She came into Mr. Ames' store one morning and soon her eyes were fastened on those sugar bowls. She enquired the price, which being satisfactory, she purchased one and paid for it. Then she bought another one and paid for that, and she kept right on buying sugar bowls until she had bought all Mr. Ames had, but each purchase was a distinct transaction and change had to be made every time a sugar bowl was added to her list of valuable personal property, and when the stock was exhausted she had thirteen. Mr. Ames' change gave out after he had disposed of a few and then he was compelled to rustle.

"What is she going to do with those sugar bowls?" you ask.

Well, she will keep them until a big Indian feast is held and then she will give every one of those sugar bowls away and perhaps many more. Indians are esteemed among themselves in proportion to the amount of property they give away. They often give all they have and thereafter live in extreme poverty.

Mr. S. Strouse has just received a lot of new cigars and a stock of tobacco that will make the average smoker's eyes water, when he sees it.

Got Mixed on Corpses.

A ludicrous, though shocking scene, occurred at Cincinnati, O., Saturday, when the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Winkleman were to be lowered to the grave. Mrs. Winkleman died in New York and a sister of the deceased, who had just arrived from another town, desired a farewell glimpse of the remains. The casket was opened, and instead of an aged lady in it, it was found to be the remains of an officer of the army. It was discovered that the baggage agent had made a mistake and sent the remains of Mrs. Winkleman on to Kansas, and sent those of Captain W. D. Sherman, of Seneca, who was wounded at Santiago and who died in New York, to Ohio. The blunder was discovered soon enough to intercept the remains of the old lady on their way west, and prevent a similar scene in Kansas. The remains of the old lady were being accompanied on their journey to Kansas by Miss Wyer, who was engaged to marry Captain Sherman, and who reached his bedside a few hours after he died.

THEY WERE SURPRISED.

The Friends of Dr. and Mrs. Campbell Stated Them an Unexpected Call.

Mrs. Dr. Campbell will return to her former California home within the next ten days. She came to Fort Wrangel several months ago to visit her husband, the Dr. During her stay in the city she has made friends of all who have met her and they much regret that she is compelled to go, for such is really the case, she having left her three children at her home in the care of relatives in California. As an expression of friendship Mrs. Campbell's lady friends concluded to give her a surprise party, and the time set was last Saturday night. The meeting place was Judge Sundmacher's residence, on Joy street, and by 8 o'clock a goodly number of the invited were there with buckets and baskets well filled with everything that was good to eat. The crowd soon reached Dr. and Mrs. Campbell's residence, and to them the arrival of the "surprisers" was entirely unexpected. For once a number of women kept a secret for three days and two nights.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Judge Sundmacher, Dr. and Mrs. Thwing, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. McBride, Mrs. Dr. Barnes, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Broderick, Mrs. Lindsey, Dr. Davy and Capt. McBrierty.

The first part of the evening was devoted to games and other amusements. An excellent lunch was served, which was only excelled by the coffee, that will long be remembered by the partakers thereof. About 11 o'clock everybody went home, feeling that the evening had been very much enjoyed.

FORT WRANGEL.

What We Eat, Drink and Burn.

How little the people of the East know about Fort Wrangel and South-eastern Alaska. If those in the middle and western states were told that it is not near so cold in the winter, or so hot in the summer in Fort Wrangel as it is in Ohio, Illinois, Kansas or Nebraska, they would not believe you, and yet such is the case. There are a few other things that will be news to our eastern readers. We have no horses in the town and all draying is done with two wheel carts, drawn by hand. The reason for this is, that we have no streets. The town has been building for twenty-five years, and not until within the past six months has a survey been made of the town site. We have but a few wells in the place, and people get water from springs, which is as soft as rain water. The town has a dairy, and we get the best milk on earth, the grass being fine. The whole country is covered with timber, and wood is the principal fuel. There is no coal mined in Alaska. Game is abundant, especially deer. Wild ducks, geese and grouse are plentiful. Crows and eagles are seen everywhere, but we don't eat them. Clams are the finest to be found anywhere. Crabs are of the best quality. As to fish, why, we are right "in it." Just think of a halibut steak off of a fish that weighs 125 pounds. No bones to "monkey" with, and the meat as white as snow. Salmon, smelts, cod, herring, flounders, mackerel and sole—you can have to your heart's content.

The rise and fall of the tide is from twenty-two to twenty-eight feet, and the old pond is the finest kind of a place to dump garbage in.

One thing we boast of in particular, and that is that Fort Wrangel is one of the healthiest places on earth, and especially so for weak, scrawny, worn out women. You ought to see some of these eastern women when they come here, and then take a look at them a few months later. We have one in mind now. She came here completely played out. No appetite for either eating or sleeping, as thin as a rail and a fifteen inch belt was not too tight for her. Within three days after arriving in the town she commenced to eat and her appetite within a month was one of the wonders of the world. She slept fourteen hours a day, and now, after a three month's residence, she is well and hearty, and has a waist on her like a work ox. The writer has lived in this place a little less than a year, and we can truthfully say, that for both men and women, it is one of the healthiest places that can be found.

Those Beans.

Our readers will remember that some time ago Messrs. Case & Wilson advertised in the News that they had sealed up a glass jar of beans and that the person guessing nearest the number would be entitled to a prize, which was a beautiful center table worth about thirty dollars. The beans were counted and the guesses invoiced last week and Mrs. Murphy, of the Cottage bakery, was the lucky winner. The table is still on exhibition at the store and is a beauty.

WILLSON & SYLVESTER, WRANGEL MILLS

MANUFACTURERS OF

Yellow Cedar, Red Cedar and Spruce Lumber, Flooring, Ceiling, Rustic, Shiplap, Etc.

Shingles, Doors, Windows. FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

ESTABLISHED IN 1896.

Fort Wrangel Brewery

BRUNO GREIF, Proprietor.

The New Brewery Building is so far completed that it has been occupied and used for some time past.

—WITH A—

FINE, LARGE BREWERY

—AND—

And the Latest Improved Machinery

Comes an increase of product and consequently at a reduced cost of manufacture. My customers shall share this saving with me, and I make the following reductions:

Keg Beer per Gallon, 40 cents.
Best Beer, per Dozen Bottles, \$1.50.

The new hall has been completed west of the Brewery in first-class style and is now occupied.

FIRST CLASS LODGING HOUSE

The finest lunch counter in the city which is always well provided with the very best of everything.

Refreshments the Very Best. Patronize a Home Industry.

THE CASSIAR....

—In front of McKinnon's Wharf—
NO 217 FRONT STREET

The Gentleman's Resort

LARGE ROOM, TABLES AND CHAIRS
IN ABUNDANCE.

FINE POOL TABLE

The Choicest Refreshments in the City

DON'T FORGET THE CASSIAR

Remember the....

Eureka Brewing Co.

432 FRONT STREET.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

A nice cool place to spend an afternoon or evening.

Best and Coolest Refreshments in the City

GIVE US A CALL

FIFE-ALASKA CO.

224 and 625 Front St.

Dealer in General Merchandise

SUBSCRIPTIONS
ONE YEAR \$3.00
SIX MONTHS 1.50
THREE MONTHS .75
Advertising Rates
ON APPLICATION
THE
ADVERTISING MEDIUM
of
SOUTHEAST ALASKA
FIRST CLASS
JOB WORK..
A SPECIALTY
SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED

READ THE

NEWS...

AND GET THE

NEWS..

THE LOCAL FIELD.

Items of Interest Dished Up in Brief for the Benefit of Our Readers.

Go to the Y. M. C. A. room to-morrow night and look pleasant.

The Casca has been making regular runs up the Stikkeen of late.

Thanks be unto Frank Whitney for a string of nice brook trout.

Choicest confectionery in town at 322 Front street. Hunt Grocery Co.

Fresh Fruit and Vegetables just received by the Hunt Grocery Co. at 322 Front street.

Fresh ranch eggs, guaranteed fresh, just received by the Hunt Grocery Co. 322 Front street.

Some Indians in the lower part of town were hilariously full of whiskey yesterday morning.

Harry Day's injured leg will soon be as good as ever. Dr. Campbell has handled the case in splendid shape.

Nice bread, pies and cakes at the San Francisco Bakery. Large five and ten cent loaves. Everything baked fresh every day.

Ray & Rollins, of the Troy laundry, have purchased the Delmonico hotel in Vancouver and are there looking after the business.

Mrs. Lee Wakefield returned to this city last Sunday on the Farallon. Lee was as pleased as a boy with a hot tamale in his pocket.

Thanks to big-hearted Sam Gowan, for some fine cigars. Sam's heart is in the right place, but is larger than is usually found in the human anatomy.

Mr. Hunt, the popular merchant, Harry Kirshbaum, Karl Kobertstein and Dale Hunt went to the garnet ledge last Sunday. They report a delightful time.

The Rosalie and Farallon tied up at the Troup wharf last Sunday afternoon. Both boats brought mail from the south, which was distributed and the office opened.

The Monte Cristo, Frank Murray captain, came down from Glenora Monday. The Capt. informed the News man that the water was quite low in the river.

The finest stock of Perfumery ever brought to Fort Wrangel at the Wrangel Drug Co. They are over stocked on this article and you can get a low down price.

The monthly meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association will be held this evening at their rooms. A full attendance of members, active and associate, is desired.

Mr. Stanley, of Seattle, the man who has made millions in the Klondike, was a passenger on the Rosalie. He will remain in Seattle for the winter and return in the spring.

Thomas C. McHugh, who went to Seattle a sick man a few weeks ago, returned on the Rosalie last Sunday, in good health. His many friends congratulate him on his speedy recovery.

A large lot of new goods was received at Reid & Sylvester's last Monday, consisting of dry goods and clothing. This firm will not allow any one to carry a better stock in Fort Wrangel, or sell at lower prices.

Several carpenters have left this city of late, but W. J. Sully is here to stay and we are pleased to note that he is the busiest man in the town. Sully is one of the finest mechanics that ever came to Alaska and a very rapid workman.

Barker, the tobacconist, has packed up his goods and is going to Portland. The time has gone by when a man can be successful in selling goods without advertising. Men will continue to experiment in this manner, but failure is certain to follow.

Dr. V. McAlpin wishes to announce to the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of Dental work as well as any one on the Pacific coast and at prices just as reasonable. No Boom Prices, but compatible with the existing conditions. Thirty Years Experience.

The Eureka Brewery boys have lowered their building, repaired and painted it up, and you wouldn't know the place now. They also built a good, wide sidewalk on Main street. The proprietors of the Eureka are up to date men, and among the most enterprising in the city.

Doc Holiday's dog is becoming addicted to the drink habit, according to all reports. In fact the evidence is so strong that it would in court be considered conclusive. The dog aforesaid got a "jag on," or to use more polite language, got "fuller than a goose," while on the Mono excursion. Doc thought the dog was lost, and he and his friends made diligent search for the canine, and when found he was laid out in an advanced stage of intoxication.

Judge Miller.

Judge John F. Miller, ex-prosecuting attorney of King county, Wash., was a passenger on the Topeka on her down trip to-day. The Judge was returning from his second trip to Dawson, and is of course anxious to arrive at Seattle, where he joins a charming wife and two lovely children. It was the writer's lot to serve as chief deputy under the Judge during the four years that he held the office of public prosecutor, and it is a real pleasure for us to say that a better, nobler and truer-hearted man the good God never made. He came out of the office with a clean record and is considered the best prosecuting attorney that King county ever had.

The Judge went into the interior last February, by the Dyea trail, and very narrowly escaped the great slide that destroyed so many lives. He had two fine horses with him, and lost those going through the White Horse rapids, but otherwise his usual good luck stayed right close to him. He has valuable claims near Dawson, that are being worked during his absence, and a general "invoice" now finds the Judge well fixed.

You Must Have Them.

A full supply of paper, envelopes and writing material at prices to suit the buyer at the Wrangel Drug Co.

Case & Wilson are in a position to fill your orders. To their heretofore immense stock, they have added a line of Ladies' Children's and Gent's shoes that is a hummer. If you are from Missouri, and doubt it, go into their store and they will show you.

The club gave a dance at the McKinnon hall last evening. The music was good and every body seemed to feel like dancing. A News man looked in for a few minutes and we observed that the better the members become acquainted, the closer they get to each other in the round dances.

J. Kennedy and James Gleason of this city, are putting the finishing touches on a nice little steamer, in the ship yards at Shake's island. She is forty feet long and is new from the keel up. Fort Wrangel will be her home port and she will fly the stars and stripes. She is a nice little boat and we hope will make her owners lots of money.

Charles Meston, of Seattle, has an ad in this issue of the News, and every business man in Fort Wrangel should not fail to read it, for Rubber Stamps are needed in every store and office. You will find his prices as low as anywhere, and the work he does the very best, and your mail orders will be filled just as promptly and as cheap as if you were at his place of business.

Tom Case is not only a hero, but a philanthropist as well. He built a fine sidewalk in front of the Case & Wilson store which in itself is commendable, but he also built some good plank walk in front of the adjoining property at his own expense. The property owners on Front street have been doing some excellent work in the line of improvement of late.

The ladies and gentlemen of Fort Wrangel are invited to an informal reception on Thursday evening, Sept. 8, at the Association Hall, near the saw mill. Dr. and Mrs. Thwing and the ladies of the Aid Society will receive the guests of the evening. The bowling alley will be open for the use of ladies, and other simple games will afford suitable pastime. Doors open at 7:30 p. m.

Sanders, the skookum steward on the Topeka, had an apron on and was doing some good hard work when that boat reached Fort Wrangel on her last trip up. He had lost his pantryman and in an emergency he can do anything necessary, from cook to waiter. Sanders is a pretty good fellow, but he will insist on representing himself as an Englishman instead of an Irishman. However, we try to overlook that, for we must acknowledge special favors that the News so frequently receives from him.

We are informed that a man named Louis Foss, an ex-state senator, who resides at Mount Vernon, Washington, owns a fine piece of property just west of Case & Wilson's store, and in front of which is the worst old rickety walk in the whole town. On each side of this property, the owners have built good plank walks—in fact all of east Front street is in good shape for walks, except the property above described. Senator Foss is reported to be in good circumstances and abundantly able to build a good sidewalk in front of his property, and we believe he will do so as soon as his attention is called to the matter.

Read the News.

DEATH ON THE TOPEKA.

Mrs. Charles Clancy, of Skaguay, Died on Board at Sitka.

On Her Way to Seattle, Her Former Home.

Charles Clancy lives at Skaguay and is in business there with one of his brothers. He has been there for some time. He is one of the Clancy brothers, formerly of Seattle. When he went to Skaguay he took his wife and child with him, and on the last trip up of the Topeka, the three went on board for a trip to Seattle. In going to Seattle from Skaguay, passengers go aboard on the up trip and go to Sitka and from there direct to Juneau.

Mrs. Clancy was well, on the way to Sitka, but while the boat was there and about six o'clock in the evening she complained of feeling badly and did not go to the dinner table that evening. After dinner Charley went up town and while he was gone his wife kept getting worse and soon became delirious. The steward, Mr. Sanders, who knew of her indisposition went to her room and found her delirious at times and in a high state of fever. Mr. Clancy soon returned and Steward Sanders told him to get a doctor at once. He secured the services of the port surgeon but nothing could be done to save the life of the woman and about 12 o'clock she died. She did not recover consciousness to even bid her husband and child goodbye after she first became delirious. Appendicitis was the supposed cause of her death.

The body was embalmed at Sitka and placed in a casket and was taken to Seattle on the ship that was to take her on a visit to her Seattle friends.

Steward Sanders told a News man that just prior to the time that Mrs. Clancy became delirious she told him she was going to die. He told her that she would be all right soon, but she again told him she would never get well. At one time she said: "I can hear you talk, but I cannot see you."

Mrs. Clancy was a young woman and leaves a little boy about six years old and a husband to mourn her death. The shock to Charley was a severe one indeed. So unexpected and he could not even hear that "good bye" which in the dying moments brings a little—some little comfort to the human heart.

DIED ON BOARD THE TOPEKA.

James Sullivan, the Pantryman, Dies While Coming Through the Entrance.

James Sullivan, pantryman on the Topeka, died on the last trip up while crossing Dixon's Entrance. He was 38 years old and had been on the boat for a year and a half. The body was left on the McKinnon wharf and arrangements were made for the burial, but Judge Jackson considered it his duty to hold an inquest, which was done, resulting in a verdict that the deceased came to his death through natural causes. The dead pantryman had been addicted to the use of liquor which no doubt hastened his end. He was born in Portland, Maine, and Steward Sanders has known him for the past twelve years.

What We All Need.

We can't get along without shoes. We must wear them in the summer as well as in the winter. You cannot always get good ones and a poor shoe is an expensive necessity. Case & Wilson have recently put in a fine stock of foot wear which is of the very best make. Their stock includes everything from big to little—light or heavy.

The Woodbine.

One of the best resorts for men in this city, is the Woodbine, on East Front street. It is a nice, quiet place, cool and comfortable and just the place for a man to spend a while reading the paper and enjoying the music. Go to the Woodbine during your leisure time.

If you need a pair of shoes, call at Case & Wilson's.

CHARLES MESTON,

Agent for

Patent White Enamelled Letters and

RUBBER STAMPS

of

ALL KINDS.

All mail orders will receive prompt attention.

CHARLES MESTON,

414 Yesler Way,

SEATTLE - - WASHINGTON.

FORT WRANGEL

ALASKA

A Growing Young City,

Great Natural Resources

On same latitude of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Copenhagen, Riga, Moscow and Tobolsk, and south of the great Cities of St. Petersburg and Archangel.

Wrangel is the center of an inhabitable area of 45,000 square miles rich in Timber, Fish, Coal, Petroleum, Furs, Game, Cereals, Vegetables, Small Fruits, Marble, Building Stone, Gold, Silver, Lead, Iron, Copper and Sulphur.

The climate of Southeastern Alaska is comparatively mild, being influenced by the Great Japanese Current, and is much the same as the British Isles under the Gulf Stream

The new land law gives each settler eighty acres.

Transportation facilities are regular Steamship lines with the United States and Canada.

The harbor is safe, deep and commodious, is at the mouth of Stikkeen river, navigable for 150 miles into the Cassiar District.

If you are interested in Southeastern Alaska, the Twenty-Five Thousand Club can give you valuable information.

For any specific information as to Land, Settlements, Manufactures, Mines, &c., &c.,

Address

G. W. KENNEDY,

Sec'y Twenty-Five Thousand Club,

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

McBRIDE & HENSHAW, Publishers.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

Lost—Mason and Dixon's line; no reward is offered, for it is gone forever.

In many cases rumors arise from correspondents wandering in their minds till they become lost in conjecture.

After this war is over the Spaniards might fit themselves better for the next war by establishing a few night schools for gunnery.

And now an Ohio coachman has been made captain of a company of volunteers. His lines have evidently fallen in pleasant places.

The colored editor remarks that "the black millionaire is on the way." Of course he is; sleeping car porters always are on the way.

Germany has been shipping Krupp guns to Spain as "kitchen furniture." They must have been passed through the custom house by range finders.

Six hundred of the Kansas volunteers are schoolmasters. They should be good shots, as it has been their business to teach the young idea how to shoot.

The government now proposes to collect 1 cent on every seat or berth occupied in a parlor car or sleeper. But if revenue is the only object, why not go for the fellow who has the money and tax the porter?

"Wanted, a young man to be partly out-of-doors and partly inside a hotel," reads a late advertisement in a bush paper of Australia. A correspondent feels compelled to ask what would happen when the door was shut.

The Bradford Era says: "The women of the Philippines are said to be extravagantly beautiful. They wear little clothing, have long black hair, large, languorous eyes, small bare feet, and all smoke strong black cigars." But perhaps civilization may be able to reform them, so far as tobacco is concerned.

A most useful lesson from our Spanish troubles is, that as in war the readiness is all, Congress must, when peace is secured, either provide a substitute for the national guard or make it the duty of the respective States to organize and maintain some similar force which shall be in fact that which the present guard has been, and is, only in theory.

A dry goods firm in Pittsburg advertised a special sale of ladies' wrappers one day at 98 cents. The figure nine type dropped out of the newspaper form, and the store was besieged with applicants for the 8-cent wrappers. The firm realized that "some one had blundered," but sold the garments at a large loss, and sent a bill for \$405 to the newspaper. It was paid without protest. Both business houses kept faith with their patrons, and for once the shoppers who try to get something for nothing succeeded.

Among the most gratifying results of such splendid examples of bravery as those of Admiral Dewey and Lieut. Hobson is the effect they have had upon the spirit of the navy generally. No more conspicuous examples of skill and personal courage have been furnished in any war than have been presented during our own; and while every man connected with them has proved himself a hero, there is supreme gratification in the fact that all has been accomplished without the sacrifice of a single life. The effect has been to inspire the whole navy with a spirit of patriotism and courage.

The death of Samuel Plimsoll, "the sailors' friend," shows what man's determined activity and devotion to duty can accomplish. His whole life was devoted to reform and particularly to the doing away of the abuse of overloading vessels and sending them out in an unseaworthy condition. He labored in private and in Parliament for this object and wrote books and pamphlets calling attention to it. For years he was opposed by the greedy shipping interests and hampered by the indifference of public officials, but he labored on undaunted and at last success crowned his indefatigable efforts. He took no part in politics except as connected with his special mission and was regarded in some quarters as a crank, but it is to be set down to his credit that by his persistence and enthusiasm he achieved the great work of reforming the British shipping laws and protecting the lives of seamen. Such a life was heroic, well rounded, and not spent in vain.

If the Philippine Islands are to become part of the United States their acquisition will probably cause quite a radical change in our trade relations. Heretofore the main article of import from the Philippines has been hemp. This is the source of our rope, twine and cordage supply, and about half of

the hemp, sisal and manilla grown in the Philippines annually finds a market in this country. But it must not be inferred that hemp is the principal product of the Philippines by any means. The Manila tobacco is justly celebrated the world over, and is rated next to the finest Havana. That tobacco, however, is controlled by a Spanish monopoly, and very little of it ever reaches the United States. While millions of dollars' worth of tobacco and sugar are sent to Europe by the Spaniards in the Philippines, American markets are practically closed against them. The United States imported only \$3,000 worth of Manila tobacco last year. Why should not all of that tobacco crop come here next year? Another thing, we buy a good deal in the Philippines, but sell little there. It is proposed to make it a market for our goods, in the future.

The United States may not inaptly be likened to the young lady who has "come out" into society. During the period of her teens she has been kept in the seclusion of the home and jealously guarded by parental care and oversight from too close contact with the world. Arriving at the age of discretion and able to look about and judge for herself, she "comes out" in society and goes forward, conquering and to conquer. The United States has had a similar experience. It has spent its young days within the home and refrained from going out into the world. It has been educating itself and learning the ways of the world. It has been preparing itself to throw off its hermit garb and abandon its habits of isolation and to step out into the open as an imperial nation come of age and conscious of its strength and resources. It has come out into the society of the nations, Admiral Dewey presenting it to them on that famous Mayday morning far away in the Philippines, not with roses and lilies but with shot and shell, not with waltzes and two-steps but with the diapason of cannon, firing shots heard round the world and announcing to that world the advent of a new member in the society of the nations whose voice and influence are to be felt in the councils of those nations. The war with Spain was undertaken in the cause of justice, humanity, freedom and national righteousness. No one dreamed it would go beyond that, but Dewey's glorious victory unveiled a new future for this country. It has ended its hermit life. It has dissipated traditions, broken down precedents, inaugurated new ideas and new policies, and expanded republican jurisdiction. It has brought new issues to the front. It has placed the country in a position where foreign nations must consider it as a factor in all imperial projects. Politically, industrially and commercially it has become suddenly aggressive. Hitherto in an isolated position, it has been a matter of indifference what European powers might do. Now it is a matter of importance that we should know who are our friends among them, and we are rapidly finding out. We have discovered that la belle France, to whose enrichment we have been the largest contributor, is the friend of Spain; that Austria would gladly help Spain openly if it dared; that Germany, notwithstanding the presence in this country of thousands upon thousands of good and patriotic German citizens, has not been well disposed to us; that Russia has been coldly neutral; and that the one power of all others from whom we had smallest reason to expect friendship, Great Britain, has proved itself our staunch friend and stands ready to help us physically or financially in case any other European nation shall interfere in favor of Spain. And this country will not forget this friendly attitude of Great Britain. It is one of the compensations of the war that we have discovered our real friends, and that in coming into the society of the nations we know whom we can trust. There have been already many compensations in this war, short as it has been. It has removed the last vestige of internal prejudice and sectionalism and has solidified and unified our own country. It has revolutionized our hermit policy and sent us out into the company of the world. It has discovered our real friends. If there had been no other outcome these results would have been richly worth all that the war will cost.

Married Before He Sailed.

When the war broke out Capt. Fred Buchanan, Company B, Twentieth Kansas, and Miss Lucinda M. Smith, of Lawrence, were engaged to be married. Buchanan's regiment was ordered to San Francisco. At the parting it was understood that the wedding was not to occur until the end of the war. But absence makes the heart grow fonder. The two wrote to each other every day, but the dreadful shadow of the Philippines was over all. They couldn't stand it. The storm burst. The climax came. Miss Smith was hurriedly summoned to San Francisco and got there just in time to be married before the steamer sailed transporting her husband afar.

Brakemen refer to the saloon free lunches as "trading stamps."

BATTLE OF THE ALAMO.

It Was One of the Most Thrilling Fights in American History.

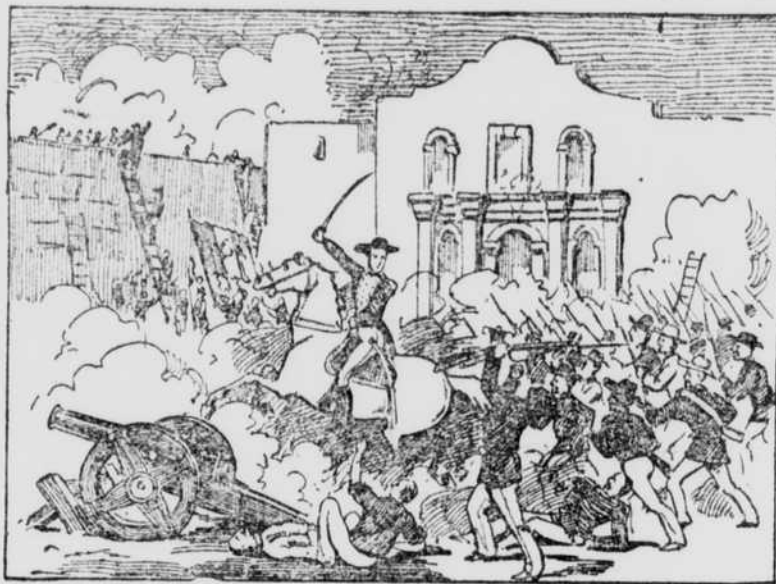


THE battle of the Alamo, Texas, was one of the most thrilling fights in American history, says a correspondent.

The Mexican bombardment of the place had lasted eight days and nights, almost without cessation. On the evening of the eighth day—it was March 3, 1836—about two hours before sunset, it suddenly ceased. Col. Barrett Travers, taking advantage of the lull, immediately collected his little army of patriots in single file, and delivered to them one of the most stirring and portentous addresses of history. Among other things he said: "Our fate is sealed. Within a few days—perhaps a few hours—we shall be in eternity. * * * Our business is not to make fruitless efforts to save our lives, but to choose the manner of our death. * * * Let us resolve to withstand our enemies to the last, and at each advance to kill as many of them as possible. Kill them as they scale our walls! Kill them as they leap within! Kill them as they raise their weapons and as they use them! Kill them as they kill our companions, and continue to kill them as long as one of us remains alive!"

"But I leave every man to his choice. Should any man prefer to surrender or attempt to escape, he is at liberty to do so. My own choice is to stay in the fort as long as breath shall remain in my body and die fighting! This will I do even if you leave me alone! Do as you think best, but no man can die with me without affording me comfort in the hour of death!"

Col. Travers then drew his sword, and with the point traced a line upon



STORMING OF THE ALAMO.

the ground a few feet in front of his men; then, resuming his position, he said:

"I now want every man who is determined to stay and die with me to form upon that line." With one exception this order was immediately obeyed. Every sick man who could walk arose and tottered to his place. Col. Bowie, who was dying of typhoid fever, asked that his cot might be carried to the line. The one exception, a man named Rose, could not muster sufficient courage to reach the mark. He was allowed to attempt to escape and by a miracle succeeded in getting through the Mexican forces. When it was all over he was the only man of the garrison who was alive.

It was not until the morning of March 6 that the storming of the Alamo took place. It was not a battle, but a slaughter. The 4,000 Mexicans swarmed over the walls, and the little handful of Texans within killed, and killed—and died. Col. Bowie, sitting on his cot with his back to the wall, with death already written on his face, and with a strength that seemed supernatural, slew the enemy with his sword until they heaped about him so heavily that he could no longer strike. He fell, his body pierced in a dozen places. At the end of his cot was his nurse, an old Mexican woman, old even then, who caught the stricken soldier and supported his head on her arm.

And then, when the fighting had ceased, there were 2,000 dead Mexicans and the 200 dead Texans heaped together in the ancient church. With bloody hands the surviving Mexicans sorted out the Texans and carried them into the plaza, where they piled them up, with rails between, and so burned them. Surely no more acceptable incense than that altar smoke ever ascended to heaven!

The Alamo Church is shaped like a cross, and it was upon this crucifix that the martyrs died.

Ants and Their Cows.

The fact that ants used aphids for milk cows was discovered nearly a century ago, but the special care given to their live stock has been a subject of more recent study, says the Chautauquan. Almost any one may have observed ants running up and down the trunks of trees and shrubs. It is no joy of life, but a duty for a

wide outlook that leads the ants to ascend trees, but because the leaves of the trees afford pasturage for their small cattle, the aphids. These little creatures exude voluntarily drops of a sweet liquid known as honey dew. The process of milking is this: The ant comes up to the aphid and pats it on the back with her antennae, at which the flattered and pleased aphid gives forth the honey dew, which the ant eats with every sign of enjoyment.

It might seem at first glance that the benefits of this relationship accrue only to the ants. However, this is not the case. The ants are fierce defenders of their flocks, and make it very uncomfortable for the many insect enemies of the aphids. Some species of ants build sheds over the aphids upon the trees and other species remove them to the safety of their own nests; but the special claim of the ants as aphid protectors lies in the care of the aphid eggs, which are shown as much attention as their own.

Vanity of Dummy Shoes.

It is said that a coquettish trick prevails among the women at the seaside and watering-place hotels in Europe. They have extra sets of tiny boots and shoes made, not for wear, but to be left outside their bedroom doors. It seems that foreigners, particularly Frenchmen, are in the habit of scrutinizing closely the ladies' boots in the corridors of hotels. The furnishing of such tiny sets is a recognized part of the boot and shoe trade in Paris. It is also said that similar sets of very small boots, and shoes, and slippers are sold by the big shoe houses of Paris to be placed on exhibition with the bride's trousseau. The French boot-makers say that the Madrid ladies have the smallest feet, the Peruvian and Chilian ladies next. Ladies from the United States are also remarkable for their small feet. Russian ladies have heavy, splay feet. In Northern



Europe the best-shaped feet are those of the women of Sweden. In Paris, the Jewesses are noted for their small feet, and are very particular about their chaussure. German women have large, flat feet, and English women are noted on the Continent for awkwardly made boots and shoes. Dona Bertha, wife of Don Carlos, the Pretender, wears a five-and-a-half. Lady Malet, wife of the ambassador, has a phenomenally small foot.—Saturday Evening Post.

Painful Spanish Fetters.

This is the way Correspondent Charles H. Thrall was tied to Corre-



THEIR WRISTS TIED.

spondent Haydon Jones when the Spaniards captured them in Cuba recently.

Few and Simple.

The wants of most persons are many and complex. Their needs are much fewer and often very simple. If one wishes for peace of mind and any great measure of success in this world, he must learn to reduce his wants as nearly as possible to necessary things. It is not at all essential that a person be rich, but many people wish to be and make haste to be. The result is anxiety and oftentimes loss of integrity, and failure to reach the real needs of one's being; for happiness never lies in satisfaction of our wants, because these ever become greater as we try to satisfy them.

To Remove Grass Stains.

Grass stains may be removed from light summer frocks by damping the soiled part in a little alcohol and rubbing well until no trace of the grass is left.

If you have a new bad habit, investigation will reveal that you acquired it in trying to quit an old one.



In the very ancient skulls of Egyptian mummies, the teeth are generally found greatly worn on their masticating surfaces. This, together with the absence of decay, evidences that the possessors must have lived on food that required much mastication.

A German inventor has contrived an attachment to a bicycle, whereby the rider, without extra effort, may set a musical box in motion, and thus solace himself with popular or classic airs while traversing lonely stretches of road. Possibly such a contrivance would find more admirers in Germany than in this country.

It is not an uncommon sight in a laboratory where experiments with liquefied air are being conducted, to see drops of air falling on a lecture table and running about, exactly like drops of water on a hot stove. In fact, the table may be regarded as "red hot" in comparison with the temperature of the liquefied oxygen and nitrogen of which the drops consist.

According to an agreement among scientific men and navigators the world over, the day begins as the sun, moving westward, crosses an imaginary line running from Behring Straits south, southwest, east and south in a very arbitrary manner. So, as San Francisco is preparing to go to bed Monday night, New Zealand is preparing to wake up on Tuesday morning.

Dr. David Gill, whose measures of the parallaxes of the stars, by means of which their distances can be calculated, are among the most accurate known, has recently deduced anew the results of his observations of Sirius, the dog star, which is the brightest star in the heavens. He thinks we may now regard its parallax as satisfactorily determined at 0.37 of a second of an arc. This makes the distance of Sirius in miles 51,000,000,000,000. In other words, the dog star is nearly five hundred and fifty thousand times farther from the earth than the sun is.

At a recent meeting of the Anthropological Society in Washington, Doctor Matthews described the snake-worship of the Navajos. A Navajo, he said, never kills a snake. If he finds one coiled in his path he gently lifts it with a stick and tosses it aside. The Navajos think snakes are very wise, and understand the language of men. At the same time, they believe snakes are evil, and will employ the information they get by listening to men for their disadvantage. Accordingly, the Navajos hold their most sacred rites and recite their myths only in winter, when the snakes are hibernating and cannot overhear them.

A considerable increase in the efficiency of the incandescent electric light is claimed for an invention of Professor Nernst of Göttingen. He substitutes for carbon filaments such substances as chalk or magnesite, which are noted for the large proportion of visible rays in their radiation. He has to employ the alternating current in order to avoid electrolytic action on the incandescent substance. As yet his experiments have not progressed to the point of practical application in producing lamps for ordinary use, but if the difficulties still in the way can be overcome, it is said that the cost of incandescent lighting would be reduced two-thirds.

Age of Birds.

The eagle, raven, swan and parrot are each centenarians. An eagle kept in Vienna died after a confinement of one hundred and fourteen years, and on an ancient oak in Sherborne, still known as the "raven tree," the same pair of ravens are believed to have fixed their residence for a series of more than ninety years. Swans upon the river Thames, about whose age there can be no mistake—since they are annually nicked by the Vintner's company, under whose keeping they have been for five centuries—have been known to survive one hundred and fifty years and more. The melody of the dying swan is mythological. Upon the approach of death the bird quits the water, sits down upon the banks, lays its head upon the ground, expands its wings a trifle and expires, uttering no sound.

She Is Suspected.

When a young woman opens her window in December and leans out and watches the young man who has been calling on her as long as she can see him going down the street, the neighbors are justified in suspecting that her feelings for him is something more than sisterly regard.—Somerville Journal.

Ill-Omened East Wind.

There are twenty-two allusions in the Bible to the east wind, nineteen of them being of a disparaging character.

The lantern that the law compels wheelmen to carry is a sort of legal light.

Saratoga chips are not used in poker games.

A NAPOLEON'S RISE AND FALL.

Failure of Joseph Leiter, the Great Wheat King of Chicago.

The fall of Joseph Leiter, for more than a year the wheat king of the world, was a great surprise in financial circles throughout the country. Three weeks before he had a paper profit of \$4,500,000; when the crash came this was wiped out and he lost from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 besides. Leiter began his speculations in wheat in April, 1897. The price of wheat was then low and he purchased enormous quantities of the grain at from 64¢ to 72¢ cents a bushel. This year prices went up and young Leiter began to reap rich profits. Last month the price jumped to \$1.85 a bushel and by June 1



JOSEPH LEITER.

Leiter, had he then been able to have sold his wheat, would have made \$4,700,000 profit. Had Leiter been able to stop there, all would have been well. But he could not. He had on hand in Chicago and in the Northwest some 16,000,000 bushels of grain, and as then the market began taking a downward course he was forced to still keep buying wheat in order to maintain prices.

The causes contributing to the downward tendency of prices were increased shipments from other grain-growing countries to European markets, the reselling in this country of wheat previously purchased by foreigners, the unloading on the American markets of wheat which other speculators had on hand, and the Government report to the effect that the wheat crop of the present year would exceed that of last year by 200,000,000 bushels. These conditions proved too much for Leiter. He had lined up for a battle royal against the world and just like the military Napoleon the "Napoleon of wheat" met his Waterloo. He could not maintain the prices even though he paid as high as \$1.50 a bushel. Up to the day of failure the elder Leiter supported him, but when he saw his son still paying heavy prices for wheat in a hopeless endeavor to maintain the market he notified the banks that he would not add his son further. The young man's credit then failed and the end came.

The big bull several times during his year of campaigning faced collapse. There was almost a crisis in December. The receipts of wheat that month poured in past any expectation. The bull leader had counted upon getting 5,000,000 bushels cash grain. The receipts were double that. Outside markets seemed on the point of slipping away. Support was required simultaneously in a half-dozen markets. In one critical half hour Leiter checked out \$500,000 for margins. In three days, when a determined effort was being made in March to break the May price under \$1.04, at which figure he was supporting it, Leiter took 7,000,000 bushels. It was at this crisis that \$9,000,000 of choice securities were placed with two banks. This demon-



LEITER IN HIS OFFICE.

stration of financial strength turned the day. Leiter's fight for the time was won when the vast blocks of city railway and Burlington certificates, which made up the \$9,000,000 of new collateral, went into the vaults of certain banks. If Leiter's borrowing capacity had been limited to any ordinary figure he would have been overwhelmed by the avalanche of sales he had several times during the year to meet. "If Leiter's credit had been limited to \$15,000,000," said a gentleman with some knowledge of the critical moments in the deal, "he would have collapsed long before he did."

Beautiful Custom in Crete.
One of the curious Cretan customs

which prevail on the eve of every insurrection, says the Forthrightly Review, is known as adelphopoles, or fraternization. One of its immediate results is the cessation of all feuds, animosity and rancor. It is carried out as follows: A number of individuals choose a young girl, who must be pretty—no difficult matter in Crete. They inform her parents of their intention, and the needed consent is never withheld. Then a priest is sent for and told to begin the ceremony. He takes a very long girl and joins all the men with it in a circle, in the center of which the young girl is placed. Then the clergyman recites a number of prayers and winds up by giving his benediction to all present. The moment he pronounces the last amen the circle and its center stand in the relation of brothers and sister to each other to all religious and social intents and purposes. Each and every one of the males is bound in honor—and a Cretan knows no more sacred obligation—to protect that girl throughout her life, but none of them can ever take her for his wife. She is and remains their sister in the eyes of the priest and people to the end of her days. But they must also stand by and succor each other, and if needs be at the cost of life itself.

DR. JOHN BLAIR GIBBS.

First American Officer to Fall Victim to Spanish Bullets on Cuban Soil.

The first officer of the United States army or navy to fall a victim to Spanish bullets on Cuban soil was Dr. John Blair Gibbs, of New York, who was killed in the night attack of the Spaniards on the United States marines at Guantanamo.

Dr. Gibbs held a prominent place in New York as a physician and surgeon and gave up a practice which netted him \$10,000 a year to take an ensign's commission in the navy which brought with it but \$1,200. He enlisted under the President's first call for volunteers and was assigned to the Panther as acting assistant surgeon. Dr. Gibbs was



DR. JOHN BLAIR GIBBS.

young, accomplished and a thoroughly well read man. He was graduated from Rutgers College, the University of Pennsylvania and the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He entered Bellevue Hospital in 1882 and remained there until 1884, when he went abroad, pursuing his studies in Vienna and London for about two years. Upon his return he became an instructor in the Post Graduate Hospital and was also connected with the Roosevelt and Leabanon Hospitals.

Dr. Gibbs came of fighting ancestry. His grandfather had been a revolutionary officer and his father, who was a graduate of West Point, had served in the Mexican and civil wars and was one of the victims of the Custer massacre. He was major of the Seventh United States Cavalry and at the time of his death was a major general by brevet.

Most Extensively Used Food.

Rice is, no doubt, the most extensively used article of food the world over. Hundreds of millions of people chiefly subsist on it, and its consumption is constantly increasing. It is the principal diet of at least one-third of the human race, forming the chief food of the native populations of India, China, Japan, Madagascar, many parts of Africa, and, in fact, of almost all Eastern nations. The Burmese and Siamese are the greatest consumers of it. A Malay laborer gets through fifty-six pounds monthly; a Burmese or Siamese, forty-six pounds in the same period. The Eastern nations also chiefly obtain their beverages from rice, which is the principal grain distilled in Siam, Japan and China. Saki, or rice beer, is produced in Japan to the extent of one hundred and fifty million gallons annually. Although rice is such a universal article of food, it is not so nourishing as wheat or some other grains. More than nine-tenths of its substance consists of starch and water, forming more fat than muscle.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Recipe.

Mistress—Do you call this sponge cake?

New cook—Yes, mum; that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, mum.—Boston Traveler.

How They Rise.

A horse always gets up on its forelegs first, and a cow directly the opposite.

Be sure you're wrong—then don't do it.

How Worry Affects the Brain.

Modern science has brought to light nothing more curiously interesting than the fact that worry will kill. More remarkable still, says a writer in *Pharmaceutical Products*, it has been able to determine, from recent discoveries, just how worry does kill. It is believed by many scientists who have followed most carefully the growth of the science of brain diseases that scores of the deaths set down to other causes are due to worry, and that alone. The theory is a simple one—so simple that any one can readily understand it. Briefly put, says an authority, it amounts to this: Worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain; and the brain being the nutritive center of the body, the other organs become gradually injured, and when some disease of these organs, or a combination of them, arises, death finally ensues.

Thus does worry kill. Insidiously, like many another disease, it creeps upon the brain in the form of a single, constant, never-lost idea; and, as the dropping of water over a period of years will wear a groove in a stone, so does worry gradually, imperceptibly, but no less surely, destroy the brain cells that lead all the rest—that are, so to speak, the commanding officers of mental power, health and motion.

Worry, to make the theory still stronger, is an irritant at certain points which produces little harm if it comes at intervals or irregularly. Occasional worrying of the system the brain can cope with, but the iteration and reiteration of one idea of a disquieting sort the cells of the brain are not proof against. It is as if the skull were laid bare and the surface of the brain struck lightly with a hammer every few seconds, with mechanical precision, with never a sign or a stop or the failure of a stroke. Just in this way does the annoying idea, the maddening thought that will not be done away with, strike or fall upon certain nerve cells, never ceasing, diminishing the vitality of these delicate organisms that are so minute that they can be seen only under the microscope.

Rings for the Ears.

It is said that earrings are coming in again, but few women nowadays will be found willing to have their ears pierced and disfigured with pendants. The custom of wearing earrings has come down from the earliest time. Among the Athenians it was a sign of nobility to have the ears pierced.

Among the Phoenicians the wearing of earrings was a badge of servitude, the same custom obtaining with the Hebrews. The latter people said when Eve was expelled from Paradise ears were bored as a sign of slavery.

The Egyptian women wore bangle hoops of gold in their ears, which were regarded as the wearer's choicest possessions and were parted from only under dire stress. The golden calf was supposed to have been made entirely from the earrings of the people.

Among the Arabs the expression "to have a ring in one's ears" is synonymous with "to be a slave" and to the present day an Arab who has been conquered by another places a ring through his ear as a token.

The wearing of earrings was so general in Rome and the jewels were so heavy that there were professionals known as ear-healers, who tended the ears of ladies who had torn or injured the lobes with the weight of the pendants. At one time Roman men wore rings in their ears, while in Greece the children wore a ring in the right ear only.

Marvels of Hydraulic Motors.

The effect of the hydraulic motor, which is now used for the purpose of removing masses of earth, well-nigh passes belief, says the *Montreal Star*. A stream of water issuing from a pipe six inches in diameter, with a fall behind it of three hundred and seventy-five feet, will carry away a solid rock weighing a ton or more to a distance of fifty or one hundred feet. The velocity of the stream is terrific, and the column of water projected is so solid that, if a crowbar or other heavy object be thrust against it, the impinging object will be hurled a considerable distance. By this stream of water a man would be instantly killed if he came into contact with it, even at a distance of two hundred feet. At two hundred feet from the nozzle a six-inch stream, with 375-foot fall, projecting momentarily against the trunk of a tree, will in a second denude it of the heaviest bark as cleanly as if it had been cut with an ax. Whenever such a stream is turned against a bank, it cuts and burrows in every direction, hollowing out great caves and causing tons of earth to melt and fall, and be washed away in the sluices.

Her Method.

Uncle Bob—Yes, my wife allus b'lieved in tyin' a string to her finger to remember things.

Uncle Bill—She has one on her finger most of the time, I notice.

Uncle Bob—Yes, 'ceptin' when she has somethin' very pertikler to remember. Then she leaves off the string, an' when it ain't there she remembers why.—Odds and Ends.

The Lion's Length.

The lion, though he stands no higher than a large mastiff, is from six to eight feet in length.

FIRE THE FIRST SHOT.

Gunner Charles Cavanaugh Opened the Battle at Manila.

Gunner Charles Cavanaugh, the man who fired the first shot in the great naval battle of Manila Bay, is a native of Harvey County, Kansas. He is a gunner on the Olympia, Admiral Dewey's flagship, and has charge of one of the 8-inch guns. When the battle commenced the Olympia signaled the other ships to begin firing, both by "wigwagging" and by firing the first shot herself. Charles Cavanaugh had the honor of firing that first shot. A



CHARLES CAVANAUGH.

letter was received from Cavanaugh by Charles Barber, a cousin, in which he said the fire of the Spanish fleet was at all times very wild, and that to the American sailors it was simply an exciting target practice. Gunner Cavanaugh is just 21 years old, and has been in the American navy nearly two years. He enlisted in November, 1896, and was drilled in the recruiting ship Independence. The following March he was sent across the Pacific in the mail steamer Peru, and after his arrival in Japan April 15 he was transferred to the flagship Olympia. He learned the tricks aboard ship very quickly, and was transferred to the Yorktown and back to the Olympia. His promotion was rapid, and he soon was placed in charge of one of the big guns.

BULLETS IN '61.

But Cheers of Welcome for the Bay State Troops in 1898.

The reception accorded recently in Baltimore, Md., to the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, en route to Falls Church, Va., to fight the Spaniards, was in striking contrast to that given



ATTACK UPON THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS IN BALTIMORE. Street between Gay and Bowley's wharf, April 19, 1861, where a mob of 10,000 assailed the troops.

the same regiment in the same city April 19, 1861, when the New England troops were on the way to Washington to defend the capital against a Confederate attack.

In '61 the troops were savagely attacked and blood flowed freely. Recently the troops were received with every demonstration of joy and patriotic fervor. Truly has time healed the wounds of the civil war. In '61 the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, after leaving the President street railway station were proceeding along Pratt street, between Gay street and Bowley's wharf near Calvert street, when stone throwing and pistol firing by those opposed to the passage of the troops was commenced with great vigor. A large pile of cobblestones was piled up on the side of the street here and these were used to drive back the soldiers. There were thirty killed in the mob and more than 100 wounded. Five of the soldiers were killed and twenty-four were injured.

Among those who welcomed the Bay State soldiers last month were fifteen of the men who stoned them in '61. They made up in enthusiastic welcome for the dark event of thirty-seven years ago.

The Morse Handwriting.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich once received a letter from his friend, Professor E. S. Morse, and, finding the handwriting absolutely illegible, he sent the following reply: "My Dear Mr. Morse: It was very pleasant to receive a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date, which I knew, and the signature, which I guessed at. There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours—it never grows old, it never

loses its novelty. One can say to one's self every morning: 'Here's a letter of Morse's; I haven't read it yet; I think I shall take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I'll be able, in the course of a few years, to make out what he means by those 't's that look like w's and those 's that haven't any eyebrows.' Other letters are read and thrown away and forgotten, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime. Admiringly yours, Thomas Bailey Aldrich."

Liverpool and Slave Trade.

The great wealth of the merchants of London and Bristol enabled them to enjoy a practical monopoly of the African slave trade for a long period prior to Liverpool having any share in it, says Gomer Williams' "History of the Liverpool Privateers." Liverpool adventurers with a small capital were unable to equip vessels and purchase goods specially adapted to the African market and of no use outside of that market, nor could they afford to await the uncertain results of round voyages, sometimes prolonged to more than a year and subject to terrible dangers unknown to any other description of trading adventures. Early in the eighteenth century, however, a successful rivalry with Bristol in exporting provisions, coarse checks and silk handkerchiefs of Manchester make to the West Indies and the continent of America eventually enabled the merchants of Liverpool to participate in the more lucrative slave traffic.

While Liverpool obtained from this competition a sudden accession to her commerce which filled her warehouses with sugar, rum and other West India produce, the trade of Bristol to the West Indies declined. The checks of Manchester, carried in Liverpool ships, ousted from that market the German, French and Scotch osnaburgs exported from Bristol.

Poets in Parliament.

The father of English poetry—Chaucer—was elected a member of the House of Commons in 1386. In 1621 Waller was at the age of 17 elected member for Agmondesham, in Bucks. He was several times re-elected and in 1639, as a member of the Long Parliament, delivered his famous speech against the levying of the ship tax. Andrew Marvell was, in 1658, elected member for Hull, the place of his birth. Addison entered Parliament in 1706; he had previously been Under-Secretary.



ATTACK UPON THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS IN BALTIMORE. Street between Gay and Bowley's wharf, April 19, 1861, where a mob of 10,000 assailed the troops.

tary, and afterward was Secretary of State. Richard Glover represented Weymouth in Parliament for many years subsequent to 1761. Richard Brinsley Sheridan sat in the House, and his speeches as a member were greater than his poems; and at the same time George Canning, author of the "Needy Knife-Grinder," sat as a member of the House of Commons. Contemporary with Canning was Lord Macaulay, whose rival in debate, William Mackworth Praed, also sat in the House. Monkton Milnes (afterward Lord Houghton) became a member of Parliament in 1837, though better known as the writer of "Strangers Yet" and "The Brookside."

A Historical Violin.

Franklin Richardson, a violin maker, of Canton, Me., has a violin from a panel taken from the cabin door of the Constitution when the old ship was repaired at Portsmouth navy yard some thirty-five years ago. The panel was given by one of the carpenters to Mr. Richardson about thirty years ago. It is a beautiful bird's-eye maple, and the instrument made from it is of remarkably clear and powerful tone, and has great carrying power.—Philadelphia Press.

Naming Ships of the Navy.

The naming of vessels of the United States navy is regulated by law. Vessels of the first-class are required to be named after States, those of the second after rivers, those of the third after the principal cities and towns, and those of the fourth as the President may direct.

Spread of English Tongue.

One-fourth of the land surface of the globe is occupied by English-speaking people.

THE FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

A Grist of the Week's Local News Dished Up for the Special Benefit of Our Readers by News Reporters.

Mr. Fred Henshaw an old-time newspaper man, well known in this state, and recently connected with the Fort Wrangel News, leaves the city this week on a trip to Northern Idaho. Mr. Henshaw knows a good thing when he sees it, and generally knows where to go to find a good thing.—Seattle Review.

Duncan McKinnon, of the McKinnon Warehousing Co., at Wrangel, and manager of the Hudson's Bay Co., at that place, was in Glenora last week, accompanied by his wife and child. Mr. McKinnon gave the News some figures in regard to rates on freight and time taken to make the trip from Wrangel to Dawson when the railroad is built. From Wrangel to Glenora, 2 days; from Glenora to Teslin, 1; from Teslin to Dawson, 3; and allowing 2 days for delays, makes a total of 8 days from Wrangel to Dawson. The figures on freight are one-half cent from Vancouver to Wrangel, one cent from Wrangel to Glenora, two cents from Glenora to Teslin and one and one-half cents from Teslin to Dawson making only five cents from the coast to Dawson.—Glenora News.

The Latest Gold Find.
(Glenora News.)

The discoveries of gold reported from the neighborhood of Lake Atlin will lead to a great stampede to the north. Already we are told that Skagway, Dyea and Juneau are nearly deserted because of the rush to the mines. The discoveries are in British Columbia, and hence not subject to the obnoxious regulations applicable to the Yukon. They are so much further south than Klondike that the condition under which they will be worked will be much more favorable than in the case of the latter, both in the matter of climate and transportation. Pine Creek on which the discoveries have been made is about forty miles from the Stikine-Teslin trail, where it crosses the Nahlin river. It is to be hoped that the development of this part of the province will be done from British Columbian cities as a base of operations.

Canadian Development Company, Limited.
H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Managing Director.

STEAMER MONTE CRISTO

CAPTAIN, FRANK MURRAY,

LEAVES

WRANGEL

FOR

Glenora and

Telegraph Creek

REGULARLY MAKING

THROUGH CONNECTIONS

BY

The Company's Own Pack Trains

WITH THEIR STEAMER

ANGLIAN

CAPTAIN, MACDONALD,

Now Running Regularly Between

Teslin, Ft. Selkirk and Dawson City.

For Freight and Passenger Rates Apply at
Company's Office, McKinnon Wharf.

F. H. WORLOCK, Agent.

Church Calendar.

Sabbath School 2:30 p. m. Sunday.
M. Manson, Superintendent.
Christian Endeavor Society, prayer meeting 7 p. m. Sunday. L. H. Wakefield, President.
Song service 8 p. m. Sunday. Mrs. Thwing, Organist.
Prayer meeting 8 p. m. Friday. Rev. C. Thwing, Minister; A. T. Bennett, Elder. All are invited to these services. Seats Free.
Services for natives, Sunday, 11 a. m. and 1 p. m., and Wednesday at 4 p. m.

A notable event among the little folks of the city was the birthday party of Miss Clara Tait, on the 31st ult. Clara is the five year old daughter of our energetic dairyman, and as the milk was delivered, the invitations were extended and a sense of subdued excitement prevailed. Thirty two of the embryo men and women of Fort Wrangel availed themselves of the opportunity and were rewarded by a rousing good time, such as only children can appreciate, a delicious lunch, ice cream and games, and then a real old fashioned romp on the hay in the barn.

The News, \$3 per year.

Wellington Coal.

The Best Coal on the Pacific Coast for
Steam or Household Purposes : : : :

FOR SALE

AT THE
LOWEST
MARKET
RATES.

OFFICE AND YARD
ON THE
DAVIDGE WHARF
G. A. McCULLOCH, Agt.
for R. Dunsmuir & Sons.

City Cigar and Tobacco Store

—A full line of—

Books, Stationery and Periodicals.

CANDY.

S. STROUSE, Prop.

Opposite McKinnon's Wharf, Fort Wrangel.

No. 208 Front Street.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

RUNS

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS
ELEGANT DINING CARS
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

—TO—

St. PAUL MINNEAPOLIS
DULUTH FARGO
GRAND FORKS CROOKSTON
WINNIPEG HELENA
BUTTE CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA WASHINGTON
NEW YORK BOSTON

AND ALL POINTS EAST
AND SOUTH

TIME SCHEDULE.

In Effect February 13th, 1898.

TRAINS LEAVE SEATTLE.

For Spokane, Rosland, St. Paul
and the East 4:00 p. m.
For Portland 5:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.
For Olympia 7:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
For Aberdeen 5:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.
For Tacoma 5:00, 7:30 and 11:00
a. m.; 4:00 and 7:00 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT SEATTLE.

From Spokane, Rosland, St.
Paul and the East 7:00 a. m.
From Portland 6:20 and 11:00 p. m.
From Olympia 6:20 p. m.
From Aberdeen 6:20 p. m.
From Tacoma 7:00 and 8:00 a.
m.; 12:15, 6:20 and 11:30 p. m.

Daily except Sunday. All others daily.
This card subject to change without notice.
Through tickets to Japan and China via
Northern Pacific Steamship Company.
For rates, routes and other information
call on or address

L. A. NADEAU,
Gen'l Agent, Seattle.
City Ticket Office, corner Yesler Way and
First Avenue.
Depot Ticket Office, corner Western Avenue
and Columbia Street.

A. D. CHARLTON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent,
No. 255 Morrison St., cor. Third, Portland, Or.

Canadian Pacific Ry.

AND SOO LINE

Now selling tickets to

MONTREAL, TORONTO,
DETROIT, BOSTON,
NEW YORK, BUFFALO

First Class, \$45; second class, \$25.

ST. PAUL First class, \$20.00; second class, \$10.00.

CHICAGO First class, \$31.50; second class, \$21.50.

Equally low rates to all points East.

NO REBATES.

Atlantic Ocean Tickets.

For all information apply to
W. R. THOMSON,
Freight and Passenger Agent,
609 First Avenue, Seattle.
E. J. COYLE,
District Passenger Agent,
Vancouver, B. C.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

TICKET OFFICE

612 First Avenue, Seattle.

Leave Seattle. Arrive
4:00 p. m. Overland Express 7:00 p. m.
8:15 a. m. Pacific Coast Lines 6:15 p. m.

Japan America Line.

—FOR—

JAPAN, CHINA,

—AND ALL—

Asiatic Ports

SAIL REGULARLY.

WRANGEL....

Sheet Metal Works

Yukon Stoves and Fixtures.
All kind of work made to order.

Bath Tubs a Specialty

Careful attention
Given all custom work

F. E. Cagle.

THE

Fort Wrangel News

—FOR YOUR—

JOB WORK

NORTH FRONT STREET.

Wakefield & Young

HAVE THE

CONFIDENCE OF THE PEOPLE.

You Save Your

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$

WHEN YOU DEAL

Where You Get The Best Quality

OF GOODS, AT THE

MOST REASONABLE PRICES.

309 FRONT STREET

Fort Wrangel, - - - Alaska.

DUNCAN McKINNON

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise..

MINERS' SUPPLIES

The Largest Outfitting Stock in Alaska

Miners' Outfits
Put Up by Experienced Packers

LOW PRICES GOOD GOODS

McKINNON BUILDING, FRONT ST.

FORT WRANGEL, - - - ALASKA.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

VICTORIA HOTEL

FORMERLY THE TOPEKA HOUSE

FURNISHED ROOMS

—BY THE—

DAY
WEEK OR
MONTH

CIGARS & REFRESHMENTS

This House is Centrally Located,

Being Within One Block of Both City Wharves

HARRY DAY, Manager.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

THE GENERAL PUBLIC

IS NOTIFIED THAT

REID & SYLVESTER....

Carry a full and complete line of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, CLOTHING, MACKINAWES,
BOOTS AND SHOES, AND RUBBER GOODS.

AND IN FACT A FULL LINE OF

MINERS' SUPPLIES

We Are the Pioneer Merchants of the City and Will Not Be Undersold

REID & SYLVESTER

OPPOSITE
TROUP'S WHARF

Fort Wrangel, Alaska.